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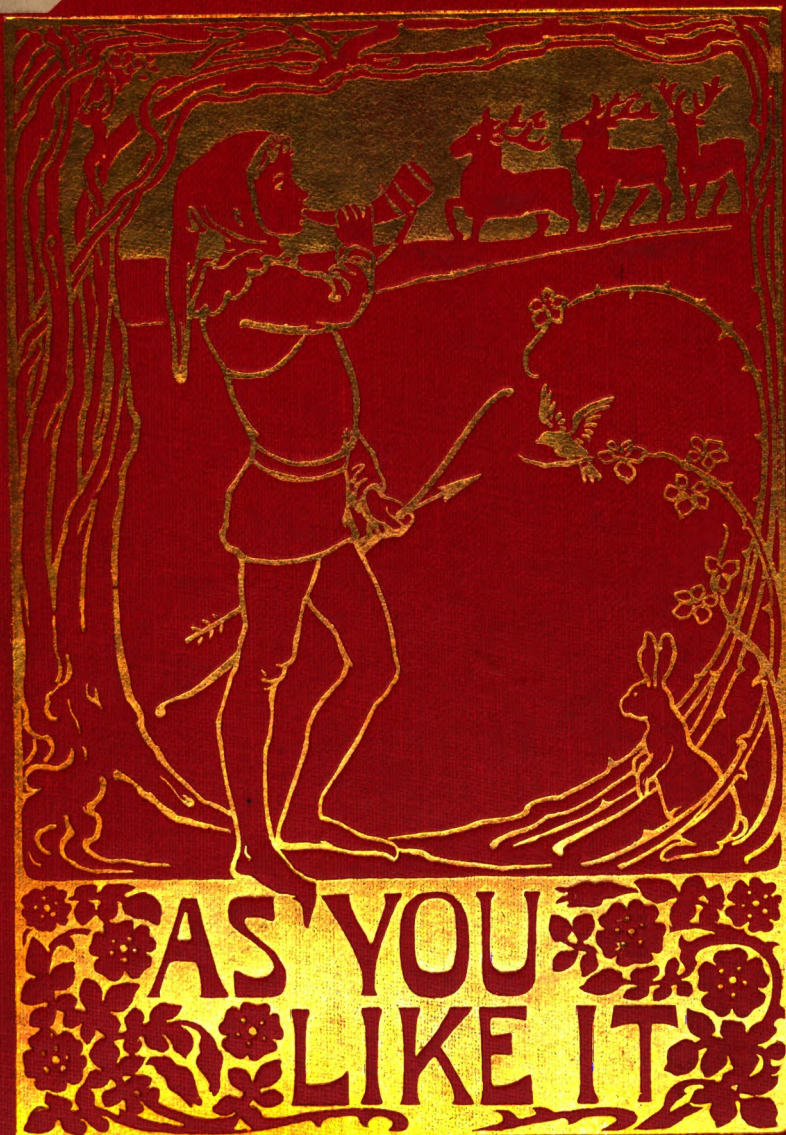
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**THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE
FOR THE YOUNG
BASED ON LAMB'S TALES, WITH
PASSAGES AND SCENES INSERTED
FROM THE PLAYS, AND SONGS
SET TO MUSIC. UNDER THE
GENERAL EDITORSHIP OF
PROFESSOR I. GOLLANCZ**



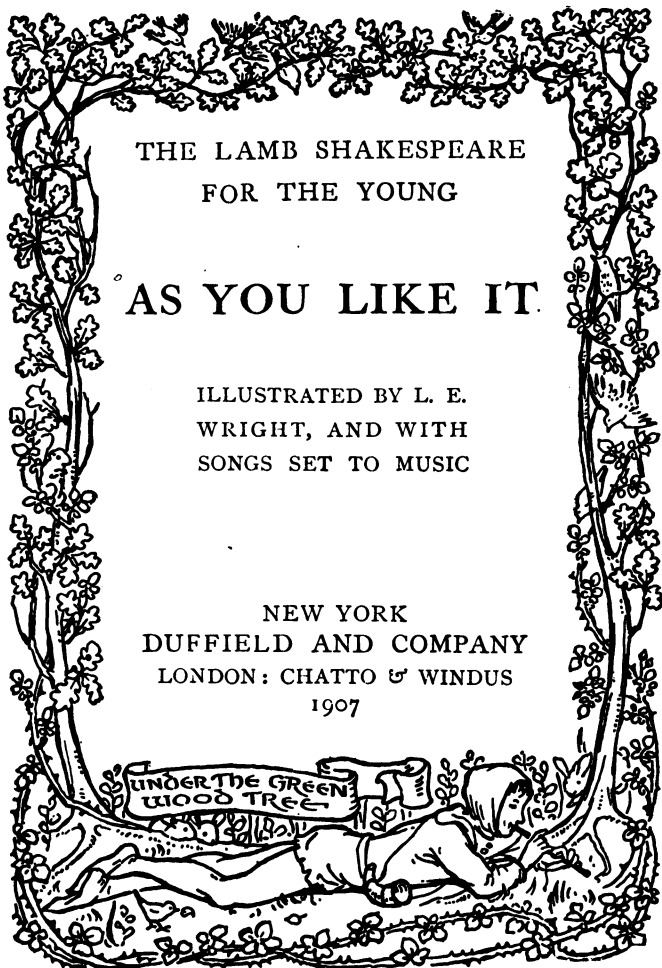
"GENTLEMAN, WEAR THIS FOR ME"

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE
FOR THE YOUNG

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. E.
WRIGHT, AND WITH
SONGS SET TO MUSIC

NEW YORK
DUFFIELD AND COMPANY
LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS
1907

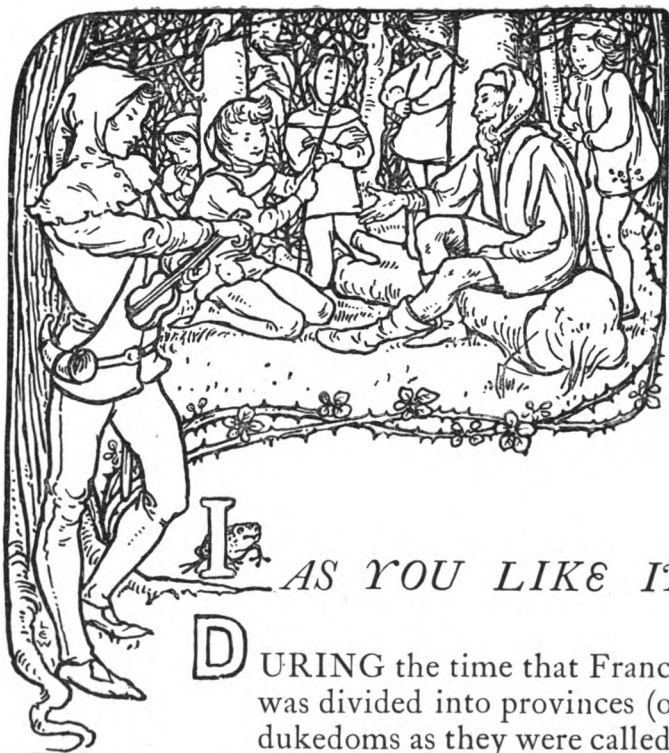


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FROM THE LIBRARY OF
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Sept 10, 1926

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE,
WHO LOVES TO LIE WITH ME,
AND TURN HIS MERRY NOTE
UNTO THE SWEET BIRD'S THROAT,
COME HITHER, COME HITHER, COME HITHER:
HERE SHALL HE SEE NO ENEMY,
BUT WINTER AND ROUGH WEATHER."



I AS YOU LIKE IT

DURING the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called) there reigned in one of these provinces a usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden ; and here the

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendour of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently; indeed, he would draw a useful moral from everything that he saw.

Let us watch a scene in the forest of Arden :—

AS YOU LIKE IT

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers
in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
"This is no flattery,—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your grace
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us
venison?

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gored.



THE MELANCHOLY JAQUES

Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out

AS YOU LIKE IT

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques ?
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;
“Poor deer,” quoth he, “thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.” Then being
there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend ;
“'Tis right,” quoth he ; “thus misery doth part
The flux of company.” Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him ; “Ay,” quoth
Jaques,

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

“Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
’Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?”
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life : swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what’s worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign’d and native dwelling-place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this
contemplation ?

Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke. Show me the place ;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he’s full of matter.

Lord. I’ll bring you to him straight.





THE banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strong friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind; and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment, and her own dependence on the false usurper, made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match, which was just going to

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace ; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling was a favourite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match therefore Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight ; for a large and powerful man, who had long been practised in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, “ How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling ? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men : in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him.”

The ladies were well pleased to perform

AS YOU LIKE IT

this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt ; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forgo his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words, that they felt still more concern for him ; he concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered, there is one shamed that was never gracious ; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt ; but Rosalind felt most for him.

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was like herself unfortunate ; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders : and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt, that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger ; and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years ; but when he was living, he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke : therefore when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his

AS YOU LIKE IT

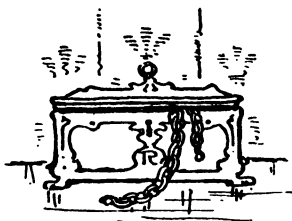
banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humour. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valour of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favourite was the son of her father's old friend ; and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him ; and seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him ; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend ; and taking a chain from off her neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."





FREDERICK being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues, and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her ; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace, and follow her father into banishment ; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her ; but now that I know her



CELIA PLEADING WITH HER FATHER

AS YOU LIKE IT

worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and eat together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience, speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favour, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

Then Frederick left them, and Celia was most unhappy at the thought of being parted from Rosalind, and generously resolved to accompany her; and, leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's



TOUCHSTONE

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore ; she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man ; and so it was agreed on quickly between them, that as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena. A kind old clown of the court, Touchstone, accompanied them. Let us listen to their talk :—

Cel. O, my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?

Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
Prithee, be cheerful : know'st thou not, the
Duke

Hath banished me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not ? Rosalind lacks then
the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
No : let my father seek another heir !

Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us :
And do not seek to take your change upon
you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me
out,

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of
Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;
The like do you : so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man ?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand ; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there
will—

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art
a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's
own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd ?

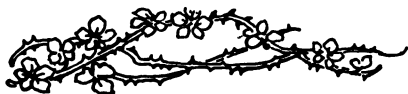
Cel. Something that hath a reference to
my state :
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to
steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

AS YOU LIKE IT

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world
with me ;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment !





IN their disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel ; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles, made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road ; and being in want of food

AS YOU LIKE IT

and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman ; and Aliena declared she could go no farther ; and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel ; and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena ; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them ; for though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke : and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves, and perished for want of food ; but providentially, as they were sitting on the grass almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves ; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food."

The man replied, that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment ; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength ; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them ; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be ; yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he

AS YOU LIKE IT

was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend ; and though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles as they had travelled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden : and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver on his blessing to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother ; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father, that without any advantages of education he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care ; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished to destroy him ; and to effect this he set on

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, Oliver's envy and malice knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father, and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into passionate exclamations :—

What, my young master?—O, my gentle master !

O, my sweet master ! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love
you ?

AS YOU LIKE IT

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and
valiant ?

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke ?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it !

Orl. Why, what's the matter ?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives :
Your brother—(no, no brother ; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father)—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he
means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it : if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off :
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place ; this house is but a butchery ;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it !

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go ?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road ?

This I must do, or know not what to do :

Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred
crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown ;

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant ;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and
lusty ;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

AS YOU LIKE IT

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man ; how well in thee
appears

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having : it is not so with
thee.

But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
But come thy ways ; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow
thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week :
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's
debtor.





TOGETHER then the faithful servant and his loved master set out ; and Orlando and Adam travelled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, “ Dear master, I can go no further : O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.”

“ Why, how now, Adam ! ” said Orlando, “ no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end : I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou look'st cheerly : and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air : come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam ! ”

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was ; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass with his friends, including the melancholy Jaques, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large trees. A famous scene then ensued :—

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq.

Why, I have eat none yet.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True is it that we have seen better
days,

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little
while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,

AS YOU LIKE IT

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye: and be blest for your
good comfort!

[*Exit.*

Duke. Thou seest, we are not all alone
unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,



THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier ;



Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the
justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;

•

AS YOU LIKE IT

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke. Welcome ; fall to : I will not
trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music ; and, good cousin,
sing.

AMIENS sings :—

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

SONG

I

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly :
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

II

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot !
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp .
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly :
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Duke. If that you were the good Sir
Rowland's son,—

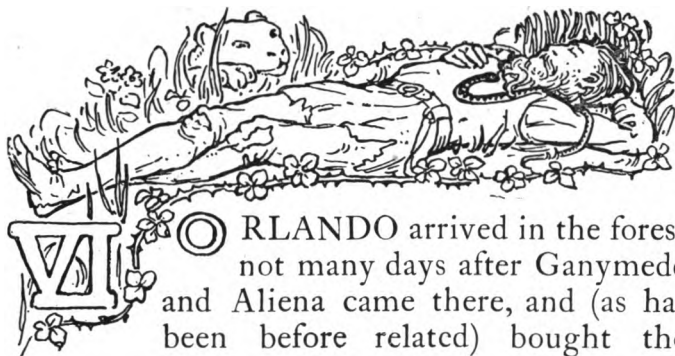
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were ;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither : I am the Duke
That lov'd your father. The residue of your
fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.





ORLANDO AND GANYMEDE



○ RLANDO arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there, and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind ; and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who, by her noble condescension and favour, had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees, and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty : but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind, but

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady ; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humour talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees with carving Rosalind upon their barks ; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt. "And then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love ; and this is the

AS YOU LIKE IT

way I propose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage, and feign a playful courtship; and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart, pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede that the lady Rosa-

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

lind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learnt from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered, that he came of as good parentage as he did ; which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie couching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting till the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness ;

AS YOU LIKE IT

but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper, who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy him by fire ; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness ; but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother ; and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness : but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him : they embraced each other ; and from

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him.

Thither then Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life : and when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery, and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him ; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while Love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he

AS YOU LIKE IT

was wounded by the lioness, fainted ; and when he recovered, he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganymede, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

Here follows the scene in Shakespeare's own words :—

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the
neighbour bottom :

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand, brings you to the
place.

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.



ROSALIND HEARING OF ORLANDO'S WOUND

O/i. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: "The boy is fair,

AS YOU LIKE IT

Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister : the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you
both ;

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?

Ros. I am : what must we understand
by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know
of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted
from you

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself !
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd
with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd

The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead ;
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that
same brother ;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando—Did he leave him
there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

AS YOU LIKE IT

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and
purposed so :

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which
hurtling

From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was't you he rescued ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to
kill him ?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By and by,
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place ;
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

Which all this while had bled ; and now he
fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at
heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND *faints*.]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet
Ganymede !

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look
on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin—
Ganymede !

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth ! You a
man ! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a
body would think this was well counterfeited !

AS YOU LIKE IT

I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho !

Oli. This was not counterfeit ; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

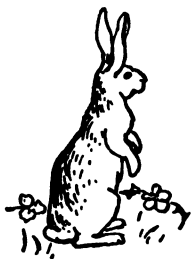
Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do : but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something : but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go ?





VII OLIVER made his visit to Gany-
mede and Aliena a very long
one, and when at last he returned back to
his brother, he had much news to tell
him ; for besides the account of Ganymede's
fainting at the hearing that Orlando was
wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen
in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena,
and that she had lent a favourable ear to
his suit, even in this their first interview ;
and he talked to his brother, as of a thing
almost settled, that he should marry Aliena,
saying, that he so well loved her, that he
would live here as a shepherd, and settle his
estate and house at home upon Orlando.

“You have my consent,” said Orlando.
“Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will
invite the duke and his friends. Go and per-
suade your shepherdess to agree to this : she is
now alone ; for look, here comes her brother.”

AS YOU LIKE IT

Oliver went to Aliena ; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said, that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish ; for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learnt of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half-believing

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

and half-doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered, and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would,"

AS YOU LIKE IT

said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here." "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Ganymede throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena, changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando, that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said, he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father, and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that



ROSALIND AND HER FATHER

AS YOU LIKE IT

it might well have passed for magic ; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage ; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendour usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed : and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the pleasant trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news, that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

towards the forest, intending to seize his brother, and put him, with all his faithful followers, to the sword ; but, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention ; for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly-conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related), to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no

AS YOU LIKE IT

longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir : so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment ; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.

*It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.*

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In spring time, &c.*



SONGS

ARRANGED FOR HOME AND SCHOOL SINGING

- I. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE
- II. BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND
- III. IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

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The publishers have to acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. T. MASKELL HARDY for his general supervision, and in most cases his arrangement, of these settings.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

(Composed in 1740.)

Music by Dr. ARNE (1710-1778).

(Original key, F.)

Briskly, and with well-marked rhythm.

PIANO. *f*

The first system of piano accompaniment is in F major (one flat) and 6/8 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line of eighth notes. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present.

p

The second system continues the piece with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The right hand has a more active melody with many beamed sixteenth notes, and the left hand has a simpler accompaniment of eighth notes.

The third system shows the continuation of the piano accompaniment. The right hand's melody remains lively with sixteenth notes, and the left hand maintains its rhythmic support.

f

The fourth system concludes the piece with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The right hand features a descending melodic line, and the left hand provides a final accompaniment of eighth notes.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Un-der the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with
Doh is Eb.
 { s : - : f : m | l : - : t | d' : - : - | : : s | l : t : d' | f : - : m }

me, And tune his mer-ry note, his
 { r : - : - | : : s | m : f : s : s | s : s : - | s : - : - | : : s }

mer-ry mer-ry note, Un-to . . the sweet bird's
 { m : s : - | d' : s : - | s : - : s | r' : t : s | d' : - : - | t : - : - }

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

throat, And tune his merry note, Un-to the

B?

{ | 1 : - : - | : : r | m : f : s : s | s : s : - | s : - : s, | t, : - : r } }

sweet bird's throat, Come hither,

{ | s : - : - | d : - : - | t, : - : - | : : r | m : s : | : : } }

hith-er, come hith-er, come hither, come hith - er, come

cres. *f*

{ | m : s : | : : d | f : f : m | r : r : d | l : - : - | s : - : f } }

cres. *f*

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

hith-er, come hith-er, come hith-er:
 { | m : r : d | r : s, : t, | d : d : — | : : | : : | : : }

{ | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

Hereshallhe see No en-e-my, But winter and rough
 Ad.
 { | f s : r : d | t, : r : f | m : r : d | : : m | r : t, : s, | f, : — : — }

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

weather, Here shall he see . . No en - e - my, But

B7.

{ | m₁ : d : | : : | s₁ : r : d | t₁ : r : f | m : r : d | : : m }

Winter and rough weather, Hereshallhe see No

E7. (Lah is C.)

{ | r : t₁ : s₁ | f₁ : - : - | m₁ : d : | : : | m₁ t : s₁ e : m | r₁ : d₁ : t }

en - e - my, But win - ter, but

{ | d₁ : t : l | : : m | f₁ : - : - | m : - : - | : : | : : m }

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

ad lib.

win-ter and rough weather, rough weather, but win-ter and rough

{ f : m : r | se : - : | l : l : s | f : m : r | d : t : l : l : m : - : - }

colla voce. cres.

weather.

{ | l : l : - : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }

f

p

Un-der the greenwood tree, Who loves to lie with

{ s : - f : m | l : - : t | d' : - : - | : : s | l : t : d' | f : - : m }

p

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

me, And tune his mer - ry note, Un-to the

{ | r : - : - | : : s | m . f : s : s | s : - : s | r ! : - : s | s : - : s }

sweet bird's throat, and tune his mer - ry

{ | d ! : - : - | f : - : - | m : - : | : : m | l : - : f | r : m : f }

note, Un - to the sweet bird's throat, Come

{ | s : - : m | d : r : m | f : - : - | m : - : - | r : - : - | : : s }

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

hith-er, hith-er, hith-er,
 { | l : d' : | : : | s : d' : | : : | l : d' : | : : }

hith er. come hith-er, come hither, come hith-er, come hith-er, come
 { | s : d' : | : : d | f : f : m | l : l : s | d' : d' : t | l : s : f }

hith-er, come hither, come hith-er.
 { | n : s : d' | r : d' : t | d' : d' : | : : | : : | : : }

p

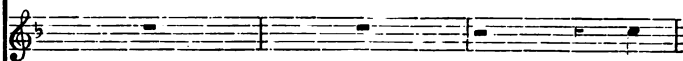
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

(Composed in December, 1740.)

(Dr. Arne's original melody and harmony, as published in 1741.)

Music by Dr. ARNE (1710-1778.)

PIANO.



1. Blow,
2. Freeze,
Doh is F.

{ | : | : | : | : | :s }



BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

blow, thou win - ter wind! Thou art not so un -
freeze, thou bit - ter sky!.. That dost not bite so

{ | f . m : r . d | l : d | d : t, | - : d | r . m : f . r | s, : f }

- kind, Thou art not so un - kind as man's in -
nigh, That dost not bite so nigh as ben - e -

C.
{ | f . m | - : s | f : f | f : f | t : t | d' : f }

- grat i - tude; Thy tooth is not so
fits . . . for - got; Though thou the wa - ters

B \flat .
{ | m : - | r : - d | d : - | - : d' r | r : m, | s, : t, }

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

keen, . . . Be - cause thou art not seen, Thy
 warp, . . . Thy sting is not so sharp, Thy

{ | r : - . m . f | m : r | r . d : t . l . | d . t . : l . s e , | l . t . : d | - : t . m . r }

F.

tooth is . . not so keen, . . . Be - cause thou art not
 sting is . . not so sharp . . . As friend re - mem - bered

{ | f . m : r . d | s . f : m . r | s : - | l : d | t . : d | f : m }

seen, Al - though thy breath be rude, Al - though thy
 not, . . . Thy sting is . . not so sharp As friend re -

{ | m : r | : s | f . m : r . d | s : t a , | l . : l | s . m . : r . f . - }

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

breath be rude, . . . Al-though thy breath be
- mem - bered not, . . . As friend re - membered

{ | d : - | r : - | m . d' : t . l | s . f : m . r | m . d . - : l . f . - | m . s . - : t . , r . - }

rude.
not.

{ | d : - | - : | : | : | : | : | }

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

Published in 1600, in "The First Booke of Aires or Little Short Songes to sing and play to the Lute with the Base-Viol."

Arranged from THOMAS MORLEY (1550?-1604).

Briskly.

PIANO.

1. It was a lov - er and his lass,
 2. Be - tween the a - cres of the Rye,
 3. This car - ol they be - gan that hour,
 4. And there - fore take the pres - ent time!

With a

Doh is F. **Bb.**

{ :d | m :- f | s :s | f :m | r :r1, t1 }

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

hey, and a ho, and a hey no-ni - no, And a hey . . .

{ | d : d . r | m : m . f | s : - | - : f . m | r : t , d | s : - } ^{F.t.}

. . no-ni, no - ni - no, { That o'er the green corn -
These pret - ty coun - try
How that a life was
For Love is crown - ed

{ | - : f . m | f : r | d : - | - : s | s : s | l : s } }

- field did pass, }
folks would lie, } In spring - time, in spring - time, in
but a flow'r, }
with the prime, }

{ | f : m | r : r | l : - | fe : r | s : - | m : s } }

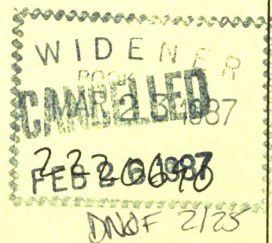
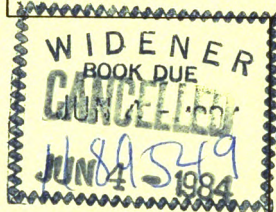
IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

spring - time, The on - ly pret - ty ring - time, When
 { | d' : - | l : f | l : s | f : m | s : - | m : d | }

birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding, hey ding a ding a ding, hey
 { | f : m | r : s | s . f : m . r | d B? . s . f : m . r | d F . : m | }

ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - er's love the spring.
 { | l . s : f . m | r : f | m : - . m | r : . r | d : - | - || }

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